

RISHMA DUNLOP

The Language of Birds

This morning I woke to blackbirds singing
A multitude waiting for me to bless.

This morning I wonder if St. Francis was right—
if Perfect Joy can only be found nailed to the Cross.

This morning I know the love we cling to—
and the constant fear we'll lose our grip.

This morning, if I could preach to birds
I'd tell them—fly and kiss, lives depend on this.